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Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "sepA2014" (2014). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 109.
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Bard

OF THE ALWAYS

Part One

The always
on your hands

are in your hands,

the lost grammar pf Gan Eden

a language made exclusively of pronouns

and the names of things
were still asleep.

Part Two

**The advantages of blundering
midnight beneath the streets of the forests**

cloacal cathedral

**stained glass translucent leaves
because they fell**

**and the trees' amber ruin be
fine spectacle**

leaf veins of innocence.

Part Three

**As if a window on a falcon
open the way
light lures citizens
by surfaces to sin**

**swim slide glide
sunwards into the Danger**

**I hear the radiants
talking to me**

at least I think it's me.

Part Four

Indecisive disclosure

**a mind without a zipper
the purse-seine savages the sea**

**and there were words in it
this time, Antietam,
bone,
this time Actium**

never now.

History is a lizard basking in the sun.

Part Five

**Each part
the history of the whole world**

**each line
an epic**

**a movie in 4-D
waiting for the aisles to clear
when angels
saunter by to sell
those special cigarettes—**

**you have to see them,
it's not enough to listen to me,**

**the fives are strife
of one color or another,**

**the girl has a sword
clutched between her knees**

**it's as real as a cartoon
a word's a proffer
invest in it**

**a word's a door
yank it open and disapperar.**

Part Six

The evidence accumulates.

**Sun on the terrace
on a different planet
we have not yet organized.**

**When you get worried
recite Saint Paul:
Do not accommodate
yourself to the system
but renew the way you think**

**and then he's young again
old house new skin
badminton court out back
two maidens clad in white**

a flying shuttlecock.

Part Seven

**Because it still is there
it still is them.**

**In the movie nothing moves
but colored light—**

**everything you think you see
is me.**

**And Pilate wept
his wife clutched her temples
the Sabbath crept upon them
wrapped in ignorance
to give them ease.**

Give them peace.

Part Eight

**If only I could sing that
purple kaddish for the living**

**but none of the words
taught me tune—**

**the always
was still waiting**

**still heavy on my palms
fruit overripe**

**here, I give it to you
sir or madam on the other star**

I mean coming down the stairs.

Part Nine

Equivalence is all—

find something you're equal to
and sleep with it

where else could dreams come from
or come true?

And when I say you it's art I mean.
who else would put up with my prattle?

You were on an island in the Indies
reluctant to be

O be there not

but it's hard to leave
a place you aren't really at.

Part Ten

Verbum ut picture

**See through what I say
to what it is saying,**

**tell me to tell you
a wider story,
one with monsters in it
things to look at
but bel repair,**

**a mother who grew
flowers from her secret places
and you have to understand**

**because I don't,
I'm just an ambassador from the night**

**making girlish scribbles
in my father's ledger book**

some words intruding on your breath.

1 September 2014

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**Smoke signals from no Indians
drumbeats of the nobody there.
We live in fear because we hope,
old wagon with a broken wheel.**

1 September 2014

SELKIE

My mother was a seal.

Or of that kindred.

**Fact. Shiny black
soft deep skin
kept in the closet**

vanished when she passed away

**and all the songs and stories daddy told me
of the sea and who comes out of it
at twilight some day and how they
kindly live with us until we really are,**

**and all the while the way she looked
as she listened too,
her famous not-quite-smile on her lips.**

1 September 2014

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**Don't put your dirty
in the papers.
Enough to regulate
the time of day
by what you say
when no one's listening—**

**beaver at the dam
hawk on your head
who knew life could
be so simple, and as
they say the less
said the better.**

1 September 2014

[for Tarots:]

New names for the court cards:

Man of Wands

Woman of Wands

Boy of Wands

Girl of Wands

for old and young are different genders.

**And we must move from kingship to manhood.
queen to womanhood, prince to boy, princess to girl.**

**Oh go ahead and call them K and Q
we know who they really are**

and I am the Man of Wands.

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The woman's voice from far away
turns out to be a radio,
internet, a squeal *in alt*.
and then silence, the signal lost.
I'm left alone with the almost heard

1.IX.14

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**Year after year we have watched
the green world grow up through
the machinery of ours. Where
the engine was the flowers are—
they tell us where we're going
and on what strange road.**

**1 September 2014
for *Eyeland***